Menace to Society and Precious Pacifist

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/63378964.

Rating:	Not Rated
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	The Eltingville Club (Comics)
Relationship:	Pete DiNunzio/Jerry Stokes
Characters:	Jerry Stokes, Pete DiNunzio, Bill Dickey, Josh Levy
Additional Tags:	Fluff and Angst, Hurt/Comfort, Angst, Play Fighting
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-02-25 Words: 3,380 Chapters: 1/1

Menace to Society and Precious Pacifist

by 0H4UNT1NG_D3AD0

Summary

Pete and Jerry play fight a lot - throwing little insults, shoving, light punches... But what if one of them was using it as an excuse to be close?

Notes

I hate coming up with titles - but here's some sillies

Pete and the rest of the club, Josh, and Bill were in Bill's basement - sat at their little, metal table, comics strewn about the surface of it as they talked. It was still the beginning of their little club meeting - so they were talking about what they should do the entire time. Josh managed to get his hands on another one of those porno compilations - but the others were skeptical, since last time he'd been tricked into downloading some janky kid's cartoon instead of what he wanted.

But the basement door opened; the old, rusty hinges groaning as the door slowly swung as it was pushed shut by Jerry - the fourth member of the club. He happened to be late today, which was a rare occasion, as he was rather the goody-two-shoes… At least, when compared to the other boys, he was.

The blonde let out an exasperated sigh, running a hand down his face as he made his way over to the table with the others, setting his backpack up on the back of the empty chair beside Pete before literally laying flat on his back against the basement floor, palms hiding his face.

"Ugh.. My fuckin' back is killing me.." He mumbled, feeling his back pop and click as his body settled flat against the ground.

Josh glanced over at Jerry, raising a brow as he saw him flop onto the ground, laying out like some sort of dead fish. Pete watched curiously, the smirk tugging at the edge of his mouth as he looked at the teen.

"The hell happened to you?" He wondered, always having been a bit of an instigator - even when his friend was hurt. He found it mildly amusing.

Jerry grumbled a little bit, rolling onto his stomach and resting his face on his arms, exhausted and a bit disheveled - hair messy, and a possible bruise hiding under his tousled locks.

"Those stupid jocky assholes got to me again while I was walking here...Ripped me a new one," He explained with a dismissive wave of the hand and a pout across his lips; not wanting anyone to worry, but obviously injured.

Pete's smile grew wider, a short snort escaping him at the other's response. "Jesus, you don't look so hot. Why the hell didn't you go home when that happened?" Pete muttered and leaned back in his seat, folding his arms across his chest, watching the other with interest, and a reluctant sense of concern swelling within his chest.

Jerry sulked, letting out a little huff and letting his eyes fall shut as he just rested on the floor. "Because I didn't wanna, simple as that," He answered, opening one eye to look up at Pete with a slight frown, a bit peeved that he was so amused by his misfortune. It was embarrassing enough to get picked on and bullied by guys like three times his size - he didn't need Pete doing it too.

Pete just snickered, rolling his eyes at the other's expression. His smirk was turning into a full-on grin though - he found the other's annoyance amusing, it always was. How couldn't he find it entertaining to see such a passive person finally be upset.

"Look at you, all grumpy and pissed off..." He chuckled. "It suits you, little pacifist."

Jerry sat up a bit, crossing his arms over his chest and glaring up at Pete. Even though the two were friends, even outside of the club, Pete was always a bit of a menace, making it hard for Jerry to always keep him in line. "Maybe they'll get you nextime," He grumbled, raising an eyebrow, "Then you'll be laughing, huh?"

Pete smirked, shrugging his shoulders at the other's comment with a scoff - waving a hand. "Oh, come on, Jer. It just gives me something to laugh at. Besides, if they got me, I can actually fight back. Bet I'd even look cool too…" He gave a proud little grin, nudging the other's side with his foot playfully.

Jerry let out an indignant little groan, tugging on Pete's ankle as he poked him with his foot, pulling him off the chair and onto the ground with him with a glower across his face. "You would think so, wouldn't you? You'd probably even like it if they beat you up, you gore freak," He retorted with a slight sigh.

Pete yelped as he was pulled off his seat and onto the floor.

"Hey - watch it -!"

He glared at Jerry for a moment, quickly grabbing the other's wrist and pulling him down with him.

"Oh, like you don't like it, you weird little masochist-"

The two boys sort of just wrestled on the floor for a few moments - tugging on each other's clothes and hair, throwing a few weak punches. They didn't actually want to hurt each other, this was just how they had fun. Bickering and play-fighting was just Pete and Jerry's thing - according to the former, that is.

"I'm not a pain freak, you- You-! Ugh!" Jerry was sorta just out of insults, so while the two were tangled on the ground, the fantasy enjoyer flicked Pete's hat off and onto the floor; simply trying to get back at him.

Pete let out an annoyed huff as Jerry flicked off his hat - the red cap landing right by Bill and Josh who were just sitting there and watching the two like it was a damn sport. Bill gave a little laugh - grabbing the hat and setting it up by the edge of the table with the others' things. Pete, meanwhile, managed to smack Jerry back and pin him to the ground - grabbing him by the collar of his green sweater and pushing him into the ground, their position now flipped. "Yeah, keep trying to deny it, you little bastard!"

"Watch it, Pete-!" The blonde shouted, glaring up at Pete - a slight smirk on his face. As much as he hated fighting, it was a bit fun at times. Jerry had a love/hate relationship on their little tussles - without this, he never really got close to people. He was ridiculously touch

starved, so he liked 'fighting' with Pete, just to get close to him. It felt like being held and cradled, if he ignored the punches and shoves.

"I'm not trying to deny shit, I'm not in denial! I'm not into pain- I'm not! Goddamn it, you shit-eating idiot- shut up!" He huffed as he reached up, tugging at Pete's hair and pulling him down, literally just kissing him rather than fighting back.

Pete tensed up as the other pulled him down, eyes wide as the other kissed him - the room seemed to freeze completely in this moment... Before he kissed back and grabbed the other's wrists, pinning them to the ground as he pressed the other down against the basement floor, pulling back from the kiss after a few seconds.

Pete let out an annoyed huff, his cheeks flushed ever so faintly. He let out a sigh as he stared at the other. "...Shut up. You really are a weirdo…"

"I'm not, stop spewing bullshit.." The Secretary of Fantasy and Role-play grumbled out, the two now wrestling - but with a bit more tension. It was only an amount of time before it eventually got to this, they always did get rather close while fighting.

"You're just- You're just upset you're not the one causing the pain," Jerry mumbled in an act of projection, and he leaned up for another kiss, roughly pulling his wrists from Pete's hands to clutch at the other boy's jacket.

"I bet I would cause better pain than those jock assholes-" Pete started before the other pulled his wrists free, grabbing at him instead and pulling him into another kiss. He was silent for a moment before he deepened the kiss, running a hand up to pull at the other's hair and leaning down to whisper into the other's ear.

"You really, really are a freak. And you just proved it to me."

Jerry let out a little 'hmph' at those words, cheeks red from exertion from the wrestling and kissing. "Mm, shut it... Maybe I tolerate it a little, but that doesn't prove shit," He quipped quietly, biting his bottom lip in slight embarrassment as he sort of processed the whole thing. The two teens were literally rolling on the floor, all tangled up, fighting, punching, and basically making out in front of their friends. And the worst part, the boy found, was that he liked it.

Pete grinned, tugging on the other's hair and pinning him a little harder against the floor, biting his lip as a smirk formed on his face. He was definitely enjoying himself. "Oh, it absolutely proves something - you're just going to deny it because you're stubborn as hell."

Bill and Josh exchanged a little look from their seats across the room - not saying much but watching the display, contemplating if they should just leave and let them be. It wasn’t every day you got to see something like this, of course, but thing were getting intense. So the two just ditched, going upstairs to play video games in Bill’s room. “Damn fags.”

Jerry let out a short hiss as his hair was pulled again, furrowing his eyebrows and grimacing up at Pete, though the flush of his cheeks betrayed his angry demeanor. "Shut your needy mouth, you gore fetishist.. You're into this just as much as I am, so just be quiet already," He

grumbled, rolling over and keeping a grip on Pete - now on top of him, hands on Pete's chest to keep him down on the ground, breathing heavily. "You're always such a fuckin' dick."

Pete couldn't help but smirk up at him, eyebrows raising a little. He raised his hands in a sort of mock surrender. "I never denied that I was enjoying it. I was just making an observation about you - you're the one denying it, little pain freak-" He chuckled a bit, his hands coming up to rest on the other's waist and grabbing a bit tightly, digging his fingers into the other's hips roughly.

Jerry pursed his lips as Pete grasped at him so roughly, a shaky breath escaping him. Maybe he did like it a little, maybe he always sort of liked it when he and Pete play fought, maybe he liked getting close to him - but he was too embarrassed to ever say that out loud, let alone to Pete himself.

"You-... You.. Goddammit..." The taller mumbled, glimpsing to the side in an almost shy manner, his hands on Pete's chest clutching a small bit tighter at the material of the black slasher shirt the shorter boy wore so often. "You piss me off."

Pete smirked smugly up at him, tugging his hips a bit closer, enjoying the little effect that he had on the other. He let out a little scoff. "Yeah? Well, you piss me off too, fucking pansy."

He paused for a moment, before he decided to push a bit.

"How much do you like getting manhandled, huh? You like being pinned down like this? By me? A gore freak-"

Jerry’s breath hitched a bit at those questions, face heating up a bit more, having to take a moment to swallow the saliva forming in his mouth. He didn't want to admit it, he really didn't - but it was true. He did like this, but only because it was Pete. Jerry had liked Pete for a while now, and never actually wanted to fight. He wanted to cling to him, to be held, taken care of, to be cherished. But if hitting was all he’d get, he’d take that without complaining.

"I.. I only like it because it's you," He whispered softly, his hands moving up to Pete's shoulders, leaning down a bit with his face hovering above Pete's chest - like he wanted to cuddle up to him and hide, but he was far too hesitant to actually do it. Jerry didn’t want to be made fun of.

Pete's smirk wavered a bit at the other's response, a little taken aback by his words. He wasn't used to Jerry being genuinely vulnerable like this - the guy usually put up some sort of calm, considerate front. But here he was, practically confessing to him. The raven haired boy’s hands loosened their grip on the other's hips a bit, his eyes moving across his face, watching his movements. A silence fell over the two as they just stared at each other for a few moments. Pete was usually... Well, usually a dick to him.

Jerry shyly rested his cheek against Pete's chest, sort of just laying on him, lightly holding onto him. It was a lot more than just Jerry 'liking pain' - because he didn't. He was just in love with Pete, and put up with the pain because he knew that wrestling and play fighting were the only ways he'd be able to be close to the other boy. He let out a shaky breath, closing his eyes and sort of clinging to Pete's hoodie, feeling a bit emotional now that he was really thinking

about it. He felt so stupid. Jerry felt like an idiot for even hinting at the real reason he was okay with this - but he wanted so badly to be honest.

"I'm... I'm really not into pain," He murmured, holding onto Pete like he was afraid he'd push him away and leave. He wanted anything but that. "I don't like getting hurt. I just like you."

Pete inhaled sharply as the other admitted this, listening intensely to every word, a bit of a frown forming on his face. He felt... Bad. Guilty. He'd been picking on the other for so long with the other guys - all because he liked him, and he didn't understand. He didn't even realize it. Why hadn't he realized it before? His grip loosened completely on the other's hips as he sat there for a moment.

"... You like... You like me?" He mumbled. "...Why the hell didn't you say that instead of just letting me be a dick to you all the time-"

Jerry sniffled a small bit, burying his face into Pete's hoodie to hide his face shamefully, wrapping his arms around him as they remained on the floor, tangled up in a mess of limbs and misconceptions. "I-I... I thought- I didn't think you'd want to be around me anymore if I didn't keep play-fighting, and... It.. Those are the only times I get to be close to you," He explained quietly, voice quiet and a bit choked up. "When we wrestle, it.. I-It's so close to being held, even if it hurts, so.. I just... I took that as the only thing I'd ever get."

Pete stared up at the ceiling for a moment, trying to process this. He sort of felt bad for the other - hell, he felt a bit guilty. He didn't realize his own friend was doing all of this just to get close to him. He felt a little bit... Warm? But, he just stayed quiet for a moment, trying to think of what to say.

Finally, he spoke up. "You... You sweet, precious idiot..." He muttered. "I... I would've been fine with just holding you- You could've asked, and.. A-And I would've done it, Jer."

"I didn't think you.. You liked being affectionate," Jerry reasoned quietly, sitting up reluctantly on top of Pete, raising his hands to his face to hide his eyes - which were beginning to glaze over with tears he wanted so badly to hold in. "You're always so tough, a-and strong, and brave- And.. Everything I'm not. I didn't think you'd ever want to hold a person like me-" He was cut off by a small, choked sound escaping his throat against his will, and he just sat there; trying in vain to wipe away his tears and stop crying. He felt so stupid every time he cried. None of the other boys cried like he did, they weren't soft like Jerry was.

"I... I might not be the most affectionate person, but- God dammit, Jerry..." Pete let out a quiet sigh, sitting up as well and gently grabbing the blonde's wrists, moving them away from his face. He wanted to see him - and... He was trying his best to keep a cool composure. He wasn't used to being this caring towards others. He wasn't used to comforting people like this - this was all so new. He usually just teased people or said outrageous things to confuse them out of their tears. Pete wasn't good with feelings, but for Jerry...

"I can be soft, y'know...?"

The taller boy felt a wave of emotions hit him as Pete said that. He'd be soft for him? For him, out of all the beautiful, wonderful people he could've chosen from, Pete would be gentle

with him? He shook his head a bit, as though trying to snap himself out of a daydream, but this was all very real.

"I.. I don't deserve that, you.. Y-You're so great, you're so strong, and cool, and- And you like all these awesome things, while... While I'm just a stupid punching bag," He murmured, seemingly stuck in a bit of a rut. It wasn't often that he broke down and cried in front of people, so the entire situation was overwhelming. "Don't lie, please, please, don't- Don't forsake yourself just to make me feel better..!"

"Hey, hey, shhh... Shut up. God damnit, you're an idiot, but… But, Jer.." Pete's expression softened as he listened to the other, eyebrows furrowing a bit as he tried to figure out what to even say. He wasn't good at this, but he had to try.

"You're not a punching bag, Jerry... I like you, okay? And- I like spending time with you - even if it's just dumb fights. Hell, you're the only person I'll even fight like this... So... Just shut up, alright? Be quiet," He spoke softly, trailing his hands up Jerry's back and into that short, fluffy blonde hair he loved so much. Was that the right term? He wasn't really sure, but it felt more right than anything else that came to his flustered mind at the moment.

Jerry just melted against Pete's chest in a crumpled little mess, clutching at the boy's blue jacket and T-shirt in an almost desperate manner; embarrassed, touched, guilty, and exhausted. He took a few minutes to cry quietly in an attempt to calm himself, listening to Pete's heartbeat as though it were a melody composed just for him to hear. "I'm sorry.." He whimpered out slowly, taking a deep breath before continuing.

"I.. I'm being pathetic again, I just- I need-"

"No, you're not being pathetic at all, I'm glad you told me," Pete cut him off gently, delicately brushing his hair out of his face, like he was something fragile. His hands were rough and calloused, but he was so tender with his movements that it was almost uncharacteristic. Jerry reveled in it like it was the last time he'd ever feel it, body sore from the wrestling and the beat down from earlier in the day.

"I think.. I think you're one of the sweetest boys I've ever met. Do you know that, Jerry?" Pete murmured affectionately against the blonde's temple, pressing a sweet little kiss there. In all honesty, the only affection he'd ever really seen was in porn or vampire movies - so he was basing off that, in a way. "I'm sorry for.. For always being such a prick. But I really do care about you, I can swear on my very soul."

A little whine escaped Jerry as he pulled back a small bit in order to look down at the short boy, still sitting in his lap - a little smile tugging at his chapped lips despite the tears. "You.. Have a funny way of showing it," He jabbed playfully - pulling a little groan from Pete.

"I'm trying to be romantic here, man, leave me alone… New boy, new me," Pete grumbled, a light-hearted glare and smile on his face as he poked Jerry in the side in retaliation, the ladder chuckling softly.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!